The 8th page shown to a few friends will get their subscriptions.

National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

YOU may make a winning guess. Don't neglect the chance. See easy condition below.

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900. VOL. X NO. 21—WHOLE NO. 968.

EVERY-DAY LIFE of Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

LINCOLN SOOTHING AN ANGRY CROWD.

One day, continues Gov. Shuman, Mr. Lincoln had been announced to speak in a town in the extreme southern part of Illinois, in the very heart of "Egpyt," where there was a strong pro-slavery sentiment,

IN THE MIDST WAS MR. LINCOLN, STANDING IN ABOUT THE CENTER OF THE ROOM, ENTIRELY ALONE.

and it was feared there might be trouble, as Lincoln's anti-slavery tendencies were well known To make matters worse, a party of Kentuckians and Missourians had come over to attend the meeting, and it was noised about that they would not allow Lincoln to speak. He heard of it, and both he and his friends were somewhat apprehensive of trouble. The place of the meeting was a grove in the edge of the town, the speakers occupying an improvised stand. The meeting was a large one, and it had every appearance of a Southern crowd. It was customary in those times for the men in that section of the country to carry pistols and ugly-looking knives strapped to their persons on public occasions. It was a semi-barbarous community, and their hatred of the "Abolitionists," as they called all anti-slavery men, was as intense as was their love of bad whisky. Mr. Lincoln privately told his friends, who in that locality were very few in number, that "if only they will give me a fair chance to say a few opening words, I'll fix them all right." Before mounting the speaker's stand, occupying a position on the ground, he was introduced to many of the crowd and shook their hands in the usual Western way. Getting a small company of the rough-looking fellows around him he opened on them. "Fellow citizens of southern Illinois—fellow-citizens of the State of Kentucky—fellow-citizens of Missouri," he said, in a tone more of conversation than of oratory, looking them "straight in the eye." "I am told that there are some of you here present who would like to make trouble for me. I don't understand why they should. I am a plain, common man, like the rest of you, and why should not I have as good right to speak my sentiments as the rest of you? Why, good friends, I am one of you; I am not an interloper here! I was born in Kentucky, raised in Illinois, just like the most of you, and worked my way right along by hard scratching. I know the people of Kentucky, and I know the people of southern Illinois, and I think I know the Missourians. I am one of them, and therefore ought to know them, and they ought to know me better, and if they did know me better they would know that I am not disposed to make them trouble; then why should they, or any one of them, want to make trouble for me? Don't do any such foolish thing, fellow-citizens. Let us be friends, and treat each other like friends. I am one of the humblest and most peaceable men in the world—would wrong no man, would interfere with no man's rights; and all I ask is that, having something to say, you will give me a decent hearing. And, being Illinoisans, Kentuckians, and Missourians,—brave and gallant people,—I feel sure that you will do that. And now let us reason together, like the honest fellows we are." Having uttered these words, his face the very picture of good-nature, and his voice full of sympathetic earnestness, he mounted the speaker's stand and proceeded to make one of the most impressive speeches against the further extension of slavery that he ever made in his life. He was listened to attentively; was applauded when he indulged in flashes of humor, and once or twice his eloquent passages were lustily cheered. His little opening remarks had calmed the threatening storm, had conquered his enemies, and he had smooth sailing. From that day to the time of his death Abraham Lincoln held a warm place in the respect of very many of those rough and rude "Egyptians," and he had no warmer supporters for the Presidency or while he was President than they were.

"HITT! HITT! WHERE'S HITT?"

The Hon. Robert R. Hitt, Representative in Congress from Illinois, furnishes a good story of Mr. Lincoln's off-hand manner while on the stump. Mr. Hitt was Lincoln's stenographic reporter in the debates with Douglas, and had his regular place on the platform or speaker's stand. One afternoon a meeting was held in a grove, and Mr. Lincoln was to open. A great crowd had gathered, and all were eager to hear the famous debater. Mr. Lincoln arose, advanced to the front of the platform, surveyed his audience, and was about to begin, when suddenly he paused, looked around him and behind him, then, searching the audience on every side, he began shouting: "Hitt! Hitt!" The audience had never heard of Hitt, and were puzzled to know who was hit, or what to make of this strange opening. But Lincoln continued calling, "Hitt! Hitt! Where's Hitt?" until some one discovered Mr. Hitt leisurely approaching in a buggy, whereupon Mr. Lincoln sang out, "Here, Hitt! we're waiting for you!" and then coolly went on with his speech, which proved a powerful and effective one, notwithstanding its strange opening. "Where's Hitt?" became almost as much of a by-word as the famous question: "Who in —— is Polk?"

"OLD ABE" WITH ALPACA COAT AND GRIP-SACK.

Mr. Leonard Volk, the sculptor, who afterwards made an excellent bust of Mr. Lincoln, says: "My first meeting with Abraham Lincoln was in 1858, when the celebrated Senatorial contest opened between him and Stephen A. Douglas. I was invited by the latter to accompany him and his party by a special train to Springfield, to which train was attached a platform-car having on board a cannon, which made considerable noise on the journey. At Bloomington we all stopped over night, as Douglas had a speech to make there in the evening. The party went to the Lindon House—the only hotel, I believe, in the place at that time. While we were sitting in the hotel office after supper Mr. Lincoln entered, carrying an old carpet-bag in his hand, and wearing a weather-beaten silk hat,—too large apparently for his head,—a long, loosely-fitting frock coat of black alpaca, and vest and trousers of the same material. He walked up to the counter, and, saluting the clerk pleasantly, passed the bag over to him, and inquired if he was too late for supper. The clerk replied that supper was over, but perhaps enough could be 'scraped up' for him. 'All right,' said Mr. Lincoln; 'I don't want much.' Meanwhile, he said, he would wash the dust off. He was certainly very dusty; it was the month of June, and quite warm. While he was so engaged several old friends, who had learned of his arrival, rushed in to see him, some of them shouting: 'How are you, Old Abe?' Mr. Lincoln grasped them by the hand in his cordial manner, with the broadest and pleasantest smile on his rugged face. This was the first good view I had of the 'coming man.' The next day we all stopped at the town of Lincoln, where short speeches were made by the contestants, and dinner was served at the hotel, after which, as Mr. Lincoln came out on the plank-walk in front, I was formally presented to him. He saluted me with his natural cordiality, grasping my hand in both his large hands with a vice-like grip, and looking down into my face with his beaming, dark, full eyes, said: 'How do you do? I am glad to meet you. I have read of you in the papers. You are making a statue of Judge Douglas for Gov. Matteson's new house.' 'Yes, sir, I answered, 'and sometime when you are in Chicago, and can spare the time, I would like to have you sit to me for a bust.' 'Yes, I will, Mr. Volk; I shall be glad to, the first opportunity I have.' All were soon on board the long train, crowded with people, going to hear the speeches at Springfield. The train stopped on the track near Edwards' Grove, in the northern outskirts of the town, where staging was erected and a vast crowd waited under the shade of the trees. On leaving the train most of the passengers climbed over the fences and crossed the stubble-field, taking a short-cut to the grove—among them Mr. Lincoln, who stalked forward alone, taking immense strides, the before-mentioned carpet-bag and an umbrella in his hands, and his coat skirts flying in the breeze. I managed to keep pretty close in the rear of the tall, gaunt figure, with the head craned forward, apparently much over the balance, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, that was moving something like a hurricane across the rough stubble-field."

SOME SHARP REJOINDERS.

The contest between Lincoln and Douglas seemed to be, as expressed by Dr. Newton Bateman, "one between sharpness and greatness. Mr. Lincoln seemed a man strongly possessed by a belief to which he was earnestly striving to win the people over, while the aim of Mr. Douglas seemed rather to be simply to defeat Mr. Lincoln." Yet, though Mr. Lincoln was usually earnest and considerate of his opponent, he could, when occasion required, bring his powers of humor and sarcasm into play in the most effective manner. A few pointed illustrations may be given. In his speech at Galesburg Douglas sneeringly informed the citizens that "Honest Abe" had been a liquor-seller. Lincoln met this with the candid admission that once in his early life he had, under the pressure of poverty, accepted and for a few months held a position in a store where it was necessary for him to retail liquor. "But the difference between Judge Douglas and myself is just this," he added, "that while I was behind the bar, he was in front of it." On another occasion Mr. Douglas, who had the first speech, remarked that in early life his father, who, he said, was an excellent cooper by trade, apprenticed him to learn the cabinet business. This was too good for Lincoln to let pass, so when his turn came to reply, he said: "I had understood before that Mr. Douglas had been bound out to learn the cabinet-making business, which is all well enough, but I was not aware until now that his father was a cooper. I have no doubt, however, that he was one, for," (here Lincoln gently bowed toward Douglas), "he has made one of the best whisky-casks I have ever seen." As Douglas was a short, heavy set man, and occasionally imbibed, the joke was heartily enjoyed by all.

"SIT DOWN, MR. DOUGLAS!"

At the close of the joint discussion at Alton, Mr. Douglas led off with a speech an hour long, in which he showed no little irritability. The campaign was evidently wearing on him. Mr. Lincoln, on the contrary, was in capital spirits. "He sat taking in the speech of Douglas with seeming immobility," says Mr. Jeriah Bonham, who was present, "and when it was ended, he rose to reply. As in the opening of all his speeches, he spoke slowly, did not rise to his full hight, leaning forward in a stooping posture at first, his person showing all the angularities of limb and face. For the first five or ten minutes he was both awkward and diffident, as in almost monotonous tones he began to untangle the meshes of Douglas's sophistry. Proceeding, he gained confidence gradually; his voice rang out strong and clear; his tall form towered to its full hight; his face grew radiant with impassioned feeling, as he poured forth an outburst of crushing argument and inspiring eloquence. The people became wild with enthusiasm, but his voice rang loud above their cheers. Frequently in his speech he would turn toward Mr. Douglas, and say with emphasis, 'You know these things are so, Mr. Douglas!' or, 'You know these things are not so, Mr. Douglas!' At one time he bent his long body over his adversary, pouring in his arguments so sharply that Douglas, chafing under the attack, rose to explain, but Lincoln would not allow it. "Sit down, Mr. Douglas!" said he, peremptorily. 'I did not interrupt you, and you shall not interrupt me. You will have opportunity to reply to me—if you can—in your closing speech.'"

"ABE'S MORE'N A MATCH FOR ANY MAN."

Capt. T. W. S. Kidd, of Springfield, Ill., relates an incident of this period, illustrating Lincoln's readiness at repartee. The exciting campaign between Lincoln and Douglas was the all-absorbing topic of Springfield. There was then in that town a droll character of local celebrity, who bore the alliterative title of Jim Jackson Jones. His occupation was that of a stock-shipper. He was addicted to periodical sprees, and when under the influence of liquor he would challenge every passer-by with his humorous raillery. One day, "Jim," in a very hilarious mood, was standing on the Courthouse steps, surrounded by an idle crowd who were laughing at his half-drunken sallies of rough wit. Lincoln passed up the steps, and was hailed by him with, "Hello, Abe!—Douglas is a little too much for ye, ain't he? Now take the advice of a friend, and keep away from Steve Douglas, if you want to save your reputation as a debater." The rude crowd roared with laughter, and Lincoln also laughed; then, assuming a serious air, and looking severely at Jim, he said: "Jones, don't you know you are violating the law every day?" "Why, no, Abe. What am I doing contrary to law?" rejoined Jim, with much surprise. "Sir, don't you know there is a law against opening rum-holes" (pointing to Jones's mouth), "without a license?" Not waiting for further reply, Lincoln passed into the Courthouse. The jolly crowd saw the point, and sent up a cheer that fairly dazed poor Jones. He was afterwards heard to declare that "Abe Lincoln is more'n a match for any man."

WORDS OF SOBERNESS.

Beneath all the lighter humors of the campaign the prevailing tone of Mr. Lincoln's thought was deeply serious and reflective. Toward the close, when indications pointed to his defeat for the Senate, he seemed somewhat depressed, and occasionally his old habitual melancholy would steal over him and impart to his words a touching pathos. It was on such an occasion, in one of the smaller cities of Illinois, when Douglas, having the first speech made an unusually brilliant effort. He carried the crowd with him; and when Lincoln rose to reply, it was evident that he felt his disadvantage—felt, too, that do what he would, final defeat was probable. He made a good speech, but not one of his best. Concluding his argument, he stopped and stood silent for a moment, looking around upon the throng of half-indifferent, half-friendly faces before him, with those deep-sunken, weary eyes that always seemed full of unshed tears. Folding his hands, as if they, too, were tired of the hopeless fight, he said, in his peculiar monotone: "My friends, it makes little difference, very little difference, whether Judge Douglas or myself is elected to the United States Senate, but the great issue which we have submitted to you to-day is far above and beyond any personal interests or the political fortunes of any man. And, my friends, that issue will live, and breathe, and burn, when the poor, feeble, stammering tongues of Judge Douglas and myself are silent in the grave." The crowd swayed as if smitten by a mighty wind. The simple words, and the manner in which they were spoken, touched every heart to the core.

CLOSE OF THE CONFLICT.

Mr. Lincoln spoke in all about 50 times during the campaign. At its close, says Mr. Arnold, "both Douglas and Lincoln visited Chicago. Douglas was so hoarse that he could hardly articulate, and it was painful to hear him attempt to speak. Lincoln's voice was clear and vigorous, and he really seemed in better tone than usual. His dark complexion was bronzed by the prairie sun and winds; his eye was clear, his step firm, and he looked like a trained athlete, ready to enter, rather than one who had closed a conflict."

Of the speeches in this campaign Mr. Henry J. Raymond has pronounced the following well-considered opinion: "While Mr. Douglas fully sustained his previous reputation, and justified the estimate his friends had placed upon his abilities, he labored under the comparative disadvantage of being much better known to the country at large than was his antagonist. During his long public career people had become partially accustomed to his manner of presenting arguments and enforcing them. The novelty and freshness of Mr. Lincoln's addresses, on the other hand, the homeliness and force of his illustrations, their wonderful pertinence, his exhaustless humor, his confidence in his own resources, engendered by his firm belief in the justice of the cause he so ably advocated, never once rising, however, to the point of arrogance or superciliousness, fastened upon him the eyes of the people everywhere, friends and opponents alike. It was not strange that more than once, during the course of the unparalleled excitement which marked this canvass, Mr. Douglas should have been thrown off his guard by the singular self-possession displayed by his antagonist, and by the imperturbable firmness with which he maintained and defended a position once taken. The unassuming confidence which marked Mr. Lincoln's conduct was early imparted to his supporters, and each succeeding encounter added largely to the number of his friends until they began to indulge the hope that a triumph might be secured in spite of the adverse circumstances under which the struggle was commenced."

Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, said that Lincoln "handled Douglas as he would an eel—by main strength. Sometimes, perhaps, he handled him so strongly that he slipped through his fingers."

"In this canvass," says Mr. Lamon, "Mr. Lincoln earned a reputation as a popular debater second to that of no man in America—certainly not second to that of his famous antagonist. He kept his temper; he was not prone to personalities; he was fair, frank and manly, and if the contest had shown nothing else, it would have shown at least that 'Old Abe' could behave like a gentleman under very trying circumstances. His marked success in these discussions was probably no surprise to the people of the Springfield district, who knew him as well as, or better than, they did Mr. Douglas. But in the greater part of the State, and throughout the Union, the series of brilliant victories successively won by an obscure man over an orator of such wide experience and renown was received with exclamations of astonishment alike by listeners and readers."

Caleb Cushing, the distinguished Massachusetts lawyer, was one of those acute minds whose attention was attracted to Mr. Lincoln by his debates with Douglas. Mr. Cushing said that these debates showed Lincoln to be the superior of Douglas "in every vital element of power," and added that "the world does not yet know how much of a man Lincoln really is." The latter statement is scarcely less true 34 years after Lincoln's death.

DOUGLAS RE-ELECTED TO THE SENATE.

On the 2d of November, 1858, the State election was held in Illinois. The result showed that Mr. Lincoln had, by his hard efforts, won a victory for his cause and for his party, but not for himself. The Republican State ticket was elected by a majority of about 4,000 votes; but in the Legislature a number of members held over

(Continued on seventh page.)

LETTERS from the FIELD

Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 98th Ohio.

BY THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

"A TRUCE FOR THE DEAD."

BATTLEFIELD IN FRONT OF KENESAW, June 29, 1864.

This has been another remarkable day with us, and we have had the very reverse of our experience of the past two days' fighting. It has been a truce day, and we have been burying the dead that lay in our front. Yesterday the work was hot most of the day, and it was dangerous for any one on either side to be exposed above the breastworks.

You may imagine how it is when the left of our line is but little over 50 yards from the enemy. The 85th Ill., of McCook's Brigade, is still closer at our left, the distance being only 18 yards. Both sides have strong breastworks, topped with a heavy log, with a crevasse two inches wide under it to shoot through. It is almost certain death to raise one's head, yet there are many ways by which the boys manage to shoot, while bullets are streaming both ways constantly. Some of the boys have been furnished with glass reflectors which can be used on a gun, and it can be sighted without exposing the head.

About 6 o'clock the firing was intense. We sat behind our pits of dirt and watched the bullets strike the trees above us. Our fellows at last got the enemy "pow-beaten," and almost hushed them up. At this time the Major of the 85th Ill., who had a brother lying between the lines, jumped up on the breastworks and made signs for a truce. The firing ceased, and some rebel officers came out and consulted on the subject of burying the dead. The subject was left until 8 o'clock this morning, to lay it before the Commanding Generals, so there was not much firing during the night, and with the exception at a few alarms we got along very well.

This morning the shots became brisk again, but it was stopped at 5 o'clock, and we have had the truce until 4 o'clock this afternoon. In the charge on Monday McCook's Brigade, owing to the more favorable ground, gained the rebel breastworks, and had to fall back the distance they are now from them. Our two left companies were also up and fell back, but the rest of the 98th never fell back a foot, but stopped when they saw it was all up with us; and thus it is that so many dead and wounded lay between the lines, although none from our regiment.

Cols. Pearce and Langley were selected from our side, and Col. Rice, of the 20th Tenn., and Maj. House, of the 1st Tenn., from the rebel side, and were directed to conduct the truce.

It was agreed that a line should be marked out between the lines, across which neither were to pass, our men to come out and bury the dead and the rebs to bring up all bodies on their side of the line. The work commenced, and our dead were found to be in a terrible state of decomposition, as they had been exposed to the hot sun ever since they fell.

THE COMMINGLING OF FOES.

At first the men were not allowed to speak to each other, but curiosity got the better of them, and when the time was up the whole space between the lines where they were nearest was crowded. The small space between us was kept open by the officers of both sides, who saw that no improper communication was going on. The rebs came with arms full of tobacco and our men with surplus coffee to exchange. I traded off all my illustrated papers. It was the strangest sight I ever witnessed. There were crowded together hundreds of private soldiers and officers, all splendid-looking fellows, the best of the Confederate army. Here on our side were crowds of our men bent on appeasing their curiosity by viewing the enemy. In a little crowd in the center were Cols. Pearce and Langly and other officers, talking with the rebel officers, among them Gen. Cheatham, Gen. Hindman, Cols. Rice and House.

When Gen. Cheatham went away he told Col. Pearce by the way of a joke that "next time he came up to fasten his horse at that rack there," pointing to a "chevaux de frise" standing near. These are made from a log, having sticks about six feet long running through crosswise. The rebs seemed as kindhearted and as pleasant fellows as we ever met anywhere, and I felt I could be as warm friends with them as any one, for such as they are the very flower of the South.

They are religiously and conscientiously devoted to their cause, and think they are in the right as much as we do that they are in the wrong. Many remarked it was a strange sight to see such strong enemies mingling fraternally with each other, and if it were left to the soldiers of both armies the war would soon be settled without fighting. But when you ask their terms they would have it as much one-sided as we, and I fear the result would be the same as we are at—fighting it out.

The rebs would most pleasingly and courteously ask "if I would trade some coffee for tobacco," or a "penknife for a canteen," etc., and I found myself refusing their offers for tobacco with as much politeness as I used to assume at the store at home in telling customers "we were just out of certain articles, but would have more soon." I traded off a "Budget of Fun" with Col. Rice for some of his papers, and I suppose its pictures may cause a laugh somewhere in Dixie.

Several times the lines got so close together that officers had to keep the men back, like marshals at a fair when a big race is coming on. The most effective way to get the men back was for some one to raise the cry, "Look out! Fall in," as if there was a movement on one side to break the truce and gobble the other. At such an alarm the men on both sides would run back to their works.

When the ground was cleared men were posted on the breastworks to keep the others in while the work of burying the dead went on. But curiosity could not be restrained, and in a little while the crowd would begin collecting again. At 4 o'clock hostilities were resumed, and both sides are now firing away as wickedly as ever.

Such is a slight description of the scenes of war in Sherman's army. I don't know how long we will remain in this terrible place, where bullets are going so thickly that we can't get back to get our supper, so we have to go without.

OUT OF THE RIFLEPITS AT LAST.

IN THE FIELD, GEORGIA, July 1, 1874.

I take the facilities afforded by the desk to write this. The desk, yes, the desk, for I am once more in a camp under a tent, and out of hearing of bullets, and most

WITHIN SIGHT OF ATLANTA.

thankful am I for the privilege. If I had written yesterday my letter would have been the most despondent and discouraging I ever penned, for I never felt worse in mind. It was our fourth day in those terrible riflepits, and we were all about worn out from loss of sleep and the anxiety of mind that pervades in such positions. To remain close in the trenches so near to the enemy, to hear the constant whiz of bullets going over, rendering it a desperate undertaking to move around at all, even to get a meal, is demoralizing; to go for a canteen of water was at the risk of one's life.

We had fought a hard battle, lost many brave boys and loved ones, had not achieved our object, had to ask a truce from the enemy to bury the dead, and were then evidently at the mercy of the rebels, should they charge us in any great force; it is no wonder we thought our movement a hopeless one. It is well Sherman don't feel as bad as we do. He is full of hope and confidence, and when he finds he can't break through the enemy's lines he goes at his "flanking" movements again. It is understood that operations are now going on down on the right that will cause a change in the scene of our conflict. Our corps still holds the front, however, and await something to turn up that will cause the rebs to leave.

Our regiment was relieved last night by another, as we were completely worn out. We came out of our pits covered with mud and dirt, as the rain had fallen heavily during the night. We straggled back at the risk of bullets and at 11 o'clock gathered ourselves together, came back to the camp where we spent last Sunday. We are washing our clothing to-day, and expect to go on duty again to-morrow. Our position over there is a dangerous one, and if the rebs should attack it in force all those in there are gone up, I am afraid. We did repel an attack Wednesday night, and taught the rebs what to expect.

Imagine how desperate our state was when we knew if the rebs ever got into our works we would all be prisoners. We know the horror of Southern prisons, and it was fight or be taken. I could not describe the scenes in those engagements. The musketry and cannon shot were terrible, as we lay close to them. As I lay behind the breastworks the bullets seemed to go over in a constant stream, cutting limbs off the trees, and even cutting off the tops sometimes. A battery on our right sent a shell in among us, which burst and lit up the whole scene with a dreadful glare. One shell passed so near to Col. Pearce's shoulder that the fuse burned his blouse. It stunned him almost beyond consciousness, and burst 35 feet beyond. One went into an oak tree 18 inches through and burst, tearing the tree all to pieces.

In this Wednesday night attack the rebs came out in a strong line at first, but found our fire too hot, and they went back to their

(Continued on sixth page.)

Treasury Receipts for Last Week.

Monday, Feb. 19.....	$2,307,727.77
Tuesday, Feb. 20.....	1,081,279.15
Wednesday, Feb. 21.....	2,084,803.16
Thursday, Feb. 22.....	Holiday
Friday, Feb. 23.....	2,691,469.63
Saturday, Feb. 24.....	1,704,267.07

Whoever guesses nearest the Treasury Receipts for Thursday, March 15, 1900, will win a handsome cash prize. See below.

ANOTHER GUESSING CONTEST For $500.

To close in two weeks. Get up a club at once and comply with the easy conditions. The great "Andersonville" and other books are offered to subscribers this week, making club-raising very easy.

Besides the valuable premiums which we give to those who send us clubs, such as books, watches, dishes, etc., etc., we will make **additional** awards for this most important service our friends can render us.

With this end in view we have divided $500 into 26 prizes, as follows:

1st prize .	$160	14th prize .	$10
2d " . .	75	15th " . .	10
3d " . .	50	16th " . .	10
4th " . .	25	17th " . .	10
5th " . .	25	18th " . .	10
6th " . .	25	19th " . .	10
7th " . .	10	20th " . .	10
8th " . .	10	21st " . .	10
9th " . .	10	22d " . .	10
10th " . .	10	23d " . .	10
11th " . .	10	24th " . .	10
12th " . .	10	25th " . .	10
13th " . .	10	26th " . .	10

We will award these prizes in the following fair manner: Whoever guesses, or comes nearest to guessing, the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Thursday, the 15th day of next March, will be entitled to the first prize. Whoever guesses **next** nearest will receive the second prize; the next nearest, the third prize; the next nearest, the fourth prize; and so on to the twenty-sixth prize.

These guesses must be received by us on or before Tuesday, the 13th day of March.

This is an absolutely fair contest. There can be no collusion. No man can know two days in advance, not even the Treasurer himself, what the receipts will be for the 15th day of March.

THE ONLY CONDITION for entering this fair and attractive contest is to raise a club for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE during the month of February or first 10 days of March. **One** subscription (not your own) sent in entitles you to one guess; a club of two entitles you to two guesses; a club of three to three guesses, and so on.

It is not likely that any guess will hit the exact figures; indeed, all of the guesses may be wide of the mark, but those nearest will win the prizes. All will have an equal chance, and all will have the same information on which to base their judgment

You, who are reading this, may make the winning guess. It is well worth the slight trouble involved to make the trial.

Yours, for club-raising,
THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

THE RECENT CONTEST.

For the information of those who may be reading about these Guessing Contests for the first time, we would say that the recent Contest was for $500 cash, divided into seven prizes, awarded to those who guessed nearest the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Jan. 31, 1900.

The receipts for that day proved to be $2,722,493.88.

Upon examination of the guesses, which were all received not later than Jan. 29, the following were found to be winners:

GUESSES.

$2,322,709.00 won first prize . .	$200
$2,322,710.00 won second prize . .	100
$2,322,135.00 won third prize . .	75
$2,321,814.00 won fourth prize . .	50
$2,321,763.00 won fifth prize . . .	25
$2,323,5[illegible]1.00 won sixth prize . . .	25
$2,323,261.00 won seventh prize .	25

The next day after the Contest—that is, on Feb. 1—remittances of prizes were made to all fortunate contestants. On March 16 we will mail checks to all winners in the present contest. Raise a club and make some guesses.